THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1860. VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 23.

Daily Appeal

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

Catholics may be scandalized; but it is a historical and notorious fact, that though celibacy was recommended, it was not absolutely insisted upon as essential to the clerical profession, and a decree of the infallible church, until the twelfth century; and in earlier aeons many of the most distinguished bishops—nay, some of the popes themselves—had been married men before they renounced the world for the celestial city. Even this had happened with Adrian II. He had a wife name Stefanio, and a female of whom an only daughter now remained, before he rented the church; and even when his sanctity or his erudition was rewarded with the supreme post, he could not eradicate the private feelings of nature, but continued to love his child with intense and absorbing affection. In what relation the pope stood to his ex-wife we are not informed, but she lived with her daughter in the suburbs of Rome, and most occasionally have seen her husband in his visits, which were always made as privately as possible. To establish his darling child had been his principal care. When he rose to the chair of St. Peter, he found no difficulty in contracting an alliance with the noblest of Rome, and the gallant Lamberto was the husband he chose for Stefanio. Did not the pontiff's departure, which he could not well oppose, with regret, yet he now came to console his child, who bore him his work and sweet. Her revered father's care, his encouragement and affectionate solicitations, soon, however, reduced the young bride to calmness, and to the sense of what she owed her kind parent. She exerted herself to please him—the hour passed, and when the fond father charmed with her filial love and docility, took his leave, he persuaded that Lamberto should soon return from the wars.

The quick intercourse by letters—that admirable improvement of modern times that does so much for our comfort, and may alleviate the pangs of lovers' separation—was unknown in those days of turbulence and general ignorance. Lamberto had been absent many weeks, and his bride had never heard from him, when, one morning as she was walking in the terrace with her nurse, she saw a distant horseman bend toward her solitary abode. He came on with such speed that she could soon perceive that he was a warrior, and one of superior condition. Her heart beat wildly. Almost a couple of bow shots from the garden walls, the road or path divided—one arm branching off toward the Campagna di Roma, and the other leading to the front entrance of her home. She was breathless as the warrior approached the division—which road would he take? His gallant steed soon answered the question. He took the path to her door, and the over-agitated Stefanio fell into the arms of her nurse, exclaiming, "It is he!—he is come at last!"

Soon, however, recovering herself, the young bride rose with her nurse to the house, and, at the outer gate, where the domestics were holding parley with the armed visitor, she announced himself, not indeed as Lamberto, but as the bearer of an important message from him. This was a cruel disappointment; but the minor pleasure of learning his tidings remained, and impatient, and without consulting her mother, she ordered that the gate, never unbarred in those times of treachery and violence without suspicion, should be opened to the stranger. The warrior entered, and followed Stefanio to the apartment of her mother, whom they found engaged in prayer. Startled at the intrusion, the matron arose.

"A messenger, dearest mother, from Lamberto," said Stefanio, presenting the stranger, who respectfully bowed, and, advancing, produced to the ladies a curious ring, well known to both as having been worn by the absent bridegroom.

"By this token I am accredited," said the warrior.

"You are—it is Lamberto's ring!" cried Stefanio, pressing it to her lips; "but wherefore tarries he so long from his home? he is—how fares he?—what says my lord?"

"Lamberto is well—his sword is victorious—he tenderly salutes you with the information that, in a few days, whatever may be the consequences, he will quit the Emperor's camp and return to Rome, to claim his bride and celebrate his nuptials," replied the envoy.

"Heaven be praised for his safe keeping!" exclaimed Stefanio and her mother, but the latter added, "But may there not be sickness or peril in abandoning the Christian army?"

"There may indeed be sickness and peril and risk of the sword," said the stranger, cautiously, "and for this he exacts from you a promise, that no man be made to a living soul of his coming. When here, he can justify and defend himself."

"His will shall be done; and may all test to the end," said the matron.

"You promise, then, to keep this important secret?" rejoined the stranger.

The mother and daughter replied, "We do, most solemnly."

After having answered a number of questions concerning Lamberto, suggested by the affection of the young bride, the warrior withdrew to partake of some refreshment prepared for him; and soon after, having paid his devoirs to the ladies, he left the house.

The new sensation the quiet life of the Roman Pontiff caused before the door which led to her own apartment resembling that of also on earth, and, in the course of his reflections, tenderness. All an experienced that degree of pleasure which neither could equal. It was a curious and touching sight to mark the Pope and the maiden. The one, the venerable, would were his children; but he felt this to be a spiritual fiction, and the voice of nature within his love told that he had but one child—his own, and the fairest and dearest. Two months had been taught to consider the name of celibacy as something above earth—allied to heaven and hence of a nature to which his family tenderness, and her filial years, seemed her that, though now a Pope, her father was yet a mortal, and retained all his former feelings and affections.

Mindful of their promise, and fearful of rousing themselves on the subject of Lamberto's messenger, for truth will break out as naturally from impenetrable mitres, neither Stefanio nor her mother mentioned his visit, and Adrian returned to Rome without knowing anything of the matter.

Meanwhile the impatience of the bride, irritated by the assurance she had received that Lamberto would soon be with her, scarcely allowed her rest by day or night. The third—the fourth day had elapsed, and she began to feel that sickness of the heart which proceeds from delayed hope. On the evening of the fifth day, after having walked on the terrace, and wearied with sad eyes across the country, until, overcome with fatigue, she was followed by her nurse who had retired to the house for repeat prayers, a gentle "Hist, hist!" and her name repeated in a low tone, arrested her steps. She turned in the direction of the sounds, and saw by the garden below the terrace, an old gardener, who invited her to descend. Surprised at so unusual an invitation, she however went down to the garden by a flight of steps that led from the entrance of the terrace. The gardener, instead of awaiting her approach, walked on toward the high walls that surrounded the grounds, nor stopped until he reached a cluster of trees that shut out all view from the terrace. Stefanio followed him; but what was her alarm, when, on reaching the spot where he had passed, she found a man in armor standing in the dense shadow of the trees. A scream died on her lips, but she would have fled, when the warrior, grasping her arm, made himself known as the messenger of Lamberto.

"Lady, you must excuse the means we have employed, and be silent," said the man.

"But what means this?" asked Stefanio recovering her breath. "How are you here in secret? Where is my Lamberto?"

"A very short distance, impatiently awaiting your arrival," was the answer.

"Here in this, sir?" said Stefanio; "even at the hour of day it is, the doors of this house are closed to my affianced—why comes he then by stealth?"

"Alas! lady, things are changed, fearfully changed! Lamberto has incurred the displeasure of the Emperor and his Holiness, the Pope. Your marriage is forbidden, and another destiny awaits the husband assigned you."

"Lamberto is my affianced—our vows have been plighted, and I will have no husband but him," said Stefanio energetically, although trembling in every limb and joint at so horrid and so unexpected an announcement.

"He conceded no less," said the lady, and thus has dared to oppose the force and violence that may soon be employed against him and you, the resources of legerdity and secrecy. He expects your consent at a house not far distant from these garden walls, and a holy friar is with him to perform the marriage ceremony."

"So suddenly! so mysteriously!" mused Stefanio.

"None other way is left, lady. When once warrior leaves Lombardy, Emperor and Pope will separate you; but now it is for you to decide, and that instantly, for every moment may render impracticable his well-laid plan whether you will be his, or love Lamberto forever."

"I cannot lose him! I dare not flee to him then! Alas! alas! and if I stay here I may fall into the wrath of the relentless bride."

"Of a certainty you never will! But she hesitate, fair lady, and throw away your only chance of love and happiness? Away, away with me, and in a few minutes we will be in the arms of an adoring husband!" And the secret cause gently entreated, half unwilling as she was, towards the garden wall.

"But my father—my affectionate father!" cried Stefanio with anguish—and my fond mother within! Oh! I cannot leave my darling mother thus!"

"It is impossible she can accompany you; but each instant your escape to Lamberto may be prevented, and he has sworn by every oath not to survive the disappointment of this last and only hope!"

"Oh, I must consult my mother! I cannot depart without her blessing," said Stefanio, while tears rained down her cheeks; "she will die!"

"This would ruin all!" said the messenger, continuing his gentle force, brought her to the foot of the lofty wall. They had not stood there an instant, when the voice of the old nurse on the terrace was heard calling the name of Stefanio. "Oh, let me return!—let me return!" prayed the lovely maiden to the soldier, who now held her arm firmer than before.

"And lose Lamberto forever!" whispered the man significantly. "No! it must not be, and I must serve my friend and master. Hist, there, Barnabo!"

At his call the old gardener glided between them and the wall, and opened a low iron door that gave egress to the banks of the Tiber. The warrior clasped Stefanio in his arms—in two strides he was beyond the garden walls—the iron door was closed, and this half voluntary elopement, half forcible abduction, was completed. Stefanio swept and wrung her hands—she could do no more, and was also walk forward. The warrior took her light weight in his muscular arms, and carried her down to the edge of the river; but before he could place her in a boat prepared for their flight, she had fainted.

When she recovered as from a confused dream, she found herself gliding rapidly between the dark reach banks of the Tiber, and the armed man by her side. She had her face in her hands, and had only strength to say—"Oh, whither are you conducting me on this cold, dose river?"

"To a husband!" was the half-hearty reply.

The boat was stowed at an ancient quay, now much dilapidated, where Stefanio was made to descend. Not a hundred yards from the landing place, a square, time-worn edifice reared its end to the uncertain and darkening twilight.

"Your husband awaits you there," said the warrior; "that is to be your temple of Hymen."

"Alas!" said Stefanio, "it looks more like a tomb!"

But, at the same time, the thoughts of her near approach to Lamberto, and her ardent love, whispered encouragement, and she walked on toward the dreary edifice. Its interior, both in material and style of architecture, was such as had never been produced in aeons of Lombardy. It was the ruin of an edifice, probably a temple of the Roman empire, which, like many others, had been converted into a mortal residence. Within these old impenetrable walls the barons and nobles, for some centuries past, had set the Popes and the oppressed Romans at defiance and the relics of a classical age served as the castles of feudal tyrants and its word exercised the power trembled with awe as she stepped under its frowning walls, from whose fractured and irregular edges the dark ivy descended in long, broad threads, and adhesive to the mouldering hollows, and waving in the night breeze like the banners of death. She looked in vain for a door to open, with a passionate, fond welcome from Lamberto. There was no door in the lower part of the edifice; but soon, after a shrill whistle from her conductor, she heard a harsh, creaking noise high at one her head, and looking up, she saw a narrow arched aperture in the wall thrown open. The light of torches glared through the aperture, and she heard the harsh voices of several men. The next moment a folding flight of wooden stairs, scarcely more convenient than a scaling ladder, was lowered.

Agitated by a thousand contrasting passions, and with a giddy head, Stefanio, could not ascend by such steps as these, and her conductor carried her up in his arms. The ascent was a narrow passage that penetrated the stupendous thickness of the wall, and opened into a vast and roofless corridor, where the wind caused the torches by which alone it was provided to waver and flicker with strange effect, while at the same time, their light disturbed innumerable tenants of the ruins, the owls and the bats, that hooted and hooted, and flitted with wild and perteriously silent along and across the corridor. And where was Lamberto all this time? Was it there he received her, who had ventured at her home, and all in the world beside, to attend his summons? It was for him to support her trembling steps.

Her fancy had conjured her that he was engaged with the priest, and that she would instantly be in his company. He threw open a door at the end of the gallery; but on charging into another dark and silent chamber, Stefanio suddenly stopped, and drawing her hands before her eyes, uttered a faint scream. Against the wall she saw, by a faulty light, a tall white figure, with a hand upraised as if to enjoin silence or caution; and to her agitated senses it assumed the form of her mother—of that affectionate mother she had abandoned so precipitately.

"What fear is this? It is but a statue you start at," said her conductor, and he ordered the attendants to hold the torches to a niche, where, indeed, was collected an effigy of some divinity of heathen mythology.

The passage they were in descended considerably like the vomitoria of an ancient amphitheater, and ended at another door, which being thrown open, Stefanio found herself in a vast and lofty hall, whose obscurity was but imperfectly dissipated by torches attack against the blackened walls, and a huge lamp suspended from the almost invisible roof. Beneath that lamp she saw the figures of a monk and a warrior clad in armor; and how did Stefanio's cheek blush and her limbs shake, when the latter advanced and thought in their been blade my only hope of life was fled. Just formed of me, grew a slim bush, which I thought if I could obtain, I could form into a hook by twisting the limbs together, and draw the ax within my reach.

Although the bush was out of my reach, I at last succeeded in getting hold of it by means of a long by twine my suspenders together. I drew it towards me and set it off with my pocket-knife—one of that sort so long known as "Barlow knives." Having a single blade about two and a half inches long and three-eighths of an inch wide, with equal width all its length, set in a handle of peculiar form, I succeeded admirably in fashioning my hook, and almost felt the handle of the ax within my grasp, so certain was I of success. From the tree that supported me the ground declined rapidly for a dozen rods or more to a little creek. My ax fell upon the brow of the hill. The first movement I made towards twisting the loop of my suspenders around the handle, so as to draw it within my reach, loosened it from its resting, and away it went down the hill, crashing first on the little frost bitten bushes, down upon the ice of the little creek, down to little fall a few rods below, and over that into the unfrozen pool, with a surging sound, as it fell into the water, that seemed to send its icy chill through every vein and artery in my whole body.

I still had my knife. True, it was a rough article compared with the keen edge and edge of life gave me strength to climb up by my fast-dead leg and cut away the boot and stocking, and then with that knife I imploted my ankle and felt the greater part of my foot bleeding stump! The intensity of the cold saved me from bleeding to death. I tore off a part of my coat, and with my handkerchief and suspenders managed to bind on my leg with a handful of snow, and started to crawl home. I succeeded in reaching within sight of the house, and then my strength failed me altogether.

I tried my voice in vain, but I could make no one hear. I exerted myself once more, and crawled toward the road that I knew Hiram must come. It was a painful task, for, besides my exhaustion, I was perishing with cold. Just then I heard the sound of my brother's sleigh horn, and the jingle of the bells coming down the hill. I strained my voice to the utmost pitch, but he did not, could not hear; but there was another friend—man's faithful friend—who heard my call. Old Hunter, the noble old dog, had insisted upon accompanying this trip, and brother said: "Let him go; who knows what good may come of it?" Good did come of it, for his ear was quicker than Hiram's, and he roused up at the first cry, and as the second cry reached the ear, he leaped out, and in a minute was at the spot where I lay upon the snow. He smell all around, and I held up my footwaggs. Just then the sleigh had got up the hill. Hunter sprang back into the road, barked loudly, and as the horses came up, he jumped up, seized the reins, and would not let go of them was stopped. Hiram, I suppose, thought I was drunk, and was for giving me a good cowhide for my pains, but when he saw my condition, he changed his tune, and I was soon in my home at the earliest Boats on the Mississippi.

We are prepared to do a general Commission and Forwarding business, and have every facility for making liberal cash advances on Produce, etc., consigned to us for sale.

Our commodious premises are large and well adapted to the business, and we will be pleased to receive a share of the patronage of our friends and the public.

Our numerous friends may rely upon our best endeavors to promote their interests, and we hope to merit a share of the public patronage.

Our numerous friends may rely upon our best endeavors to promote their interests, and we hope to merit a share of the public patronage.

J. J. SMITH & CO.

MERCHANTS in want of

WOODEN & WILLOW WARE AND BROOMS,

will find at

315 MAIN STREET.

THE largest stock in the city, and at the lowest prices.

For Sale.

350,000 Shingles.

FALL AND WINTER Goods, FOR 1859, AT

B. WALKER & BRO.'S,

195 Main Street, City Building,

AND

J. WALKER & CO.,

NO. 217 MAIN STREET,

(Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.)

CLOTHING MANUFACTORY,

No. 112 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALSO—DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

Clothing, Clothing, Clothing.

FROM OUR OWN MANUFACTORY.

WE are now receiving daily, from our Manufactory in Philadelphia, a splendid and most complete assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

TO SUIT THE WHOLESALE TRADE.

Our stock of

Cloth and Cassimere Clothing,

Far our city trade, is well selected and unusually excellent.

We are also in receipt of our stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

BLEACHED AND BROWN DOMESTICS,

PRINTS,

KERSEYS, FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.

Also, a liberal assortment of

GLOVES, GRAVATS, COLLARS, HOSIERY, HOOP SKIRTS, EMBROIDERIES, ETC., ETC.

To Planters, Country Merchants and River Traders.

NEGRO CLOTHING

is very large and desirable, and of the most durable quality. We solicit from every one an examination of our stock.

B. WALKER & BRO'S.

195 Main street.

J. WALKER & CO.,

No. 217 Main street.

The Memphis Appeal.

PUBLISHED DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY, AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL.

BENJAMIN P. DILL.

Under the firm and style of

M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL.

WHOM ARE AUTHORIZED TO RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADVERTISEMENTS, ETC., ETC.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

Space	1 day	2 days	3 days	4 days	5 days	6 days	1 week	2 weeks	3 weeks	4 weeks	2 months	3 months	6 months	12 months
1	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50	$ 50
2	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00	4 00
3	5 00	5 00	7 50	9 00	10 00	10 00	10 00	15 00	15 00	15 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
4	6 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	14 00	15 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	30 00	40 00	60 00	80 00
5	7 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	14 00	16 00	20 00	30 00	35 00	40 00	40 00	60 00	80 00	100 00
6	8 00	10 00	12 00	14 00	16 00	18 00	25 00	35 00	45 00	50 00	60 00	80 00	100 00	150 00
7	9 00	12 00	14 00	16 00	18 00	20 00	30 00	40 00	50 00	60 00	80 00	100 00	150 00	200 00
8	10 00	14 00	16 00	18 00	20 00	22 00	35 00	45 00	60 00	75 00	100 00	125 00	175 00	250 00
9	12 00	16 00	18 00	20 00	22 00	24 00	40 00	50 00	70 00	80 00	120 00	150 00	200 00	300 00
10	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	35 00	40 00	50 00	60 00	80 00	100 00	150 00	175 00	250 00	400 00

☞ One square, correspondence weekly, per annum, $40 00
☞ Do do, correspondence tri-weekly, per annum, 30 00
☞ Do do, correspondence weekly, per annum, 20 00
☞ Do do, correspondence tri-weekly, per annum, 15 00
☞ Do do, correspondence weekly, per annum, 10 00

☞ All advertisements for the Appeal must be handed in at the Clerk's desk.

☞ All transient advertisements must be marked to a specified time. When not thus marked, they will be charged for one week, and discontinued at the end of that time.

☞ All advertisements required to be kept on second page, CHANGED AS NEW EACH DAY, and on third page, a reasonable over charge.

☞ Yearly advertisers will be allowed to be displayed, or set in other type, charged DOUBLE rates.

☞ Yearly advertisers will be charged extra for composition, if they make more than TWENTY lines in a square.

☞ Yearly advertisers will be charged extra at regular rate for Work, Rents, Removals, Co-Partnership Notices, Dissolutions, &c.

☞ TRANSIENT ADVERTISING MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

☞ No advertisement will appear in the Weekly paper unless by special contract.

☞ Advertisements to be inserted in the Weekly paper only, or at irregular intervals in either of the papers, will be charged $1 per square for each and every insertion.

☞ Announcing Candidates for State, County and Municipal Offices, $5 each, to be paid in advance in every instance.

☞ All advertisements for Charitable Institutions, Fire Companies, Ward, Town and other Public Meetings, to be charged half price.

☞ Marriages and Deaths are published as news; but Obituaries, Tributes of Respect, Resolutions of Societies or other advertisements, charged.

☞ Legal Notices and Transient Advertisements will be charged by the insertion.

☞ Editorial Notices in Local Column will be charged double price.

☞ No deduction or variation will be made from the foregoing rates.

M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL.

For County Court Clerk.

We are authorized to announce BENNY LAKE as a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the County Court.

For Register of Shelby County.

A. S. TAYLOR is a candidate for Register of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. mr27-tu*

For Circuit Court Clerk.

We are authorized to announce R. D. STEWART as a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. mr3-tu*

For Circuit Court Clerk.

G. N. ALBUP is a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. mr2-tu

For County Register.

We are authorized to announce P. B. CARRUTHERS as a candidate for the office of Register of Shelby County. mr1-tu*

For Clerk of Court.

We are authorized to announce J. R. MOSELEY a Candidate for Clerk of the Common Law and Chancery (Law Side), and Criminal Courts of the city of Memphis. mr1-tu*

For Circuit Court Clerk.

We are authorized to announce THOS. E. HILLS as a candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. mr29-tu*

For County Register.

We are authorized to announce JOHN H. MASON, as a candidate for the office of County Register of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. jy31-tu*

For County Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce R. L. SINS as a candidate for Tax Collector of Shelby county, at the ensuing election. jy5*

For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce JAMES SOARE, Esq., as a candidate for the office of County Collector of Shelby county at the election March 1st ensuing. mr28-tu*

For Tax Collector.

JOHN NEWSON is a candidate for the office of Tax Collector of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. jy5-tu*

For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce O. H. LIDE as a candidate for Tax Collector of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. jy4*

For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce J. M. RALSTON as a candidate for Tax Collector of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. jy4*

For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce GEO. R. POWEL as a candidate for Tax Collector of Shelby county at the ensuing March election. jy1

For Tax Collector.

JOEL W. BUNTEN is a candidate for the Collector of Shelby county. Election on first Saturday in March next. jy15*

For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce JOHN DOUGLASS as a candidate for Tax Collector of Shelby county at the ensuing election. jy11-tu*

For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce R. D. HUNTER as a candidate for the office of Tax Collector of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. jy26-tu*

For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce JOHN C. DILLER as a candidate for Tax Collector of Shelby county at the ensuing March election. jy1

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL.

We are authorized to announce ISHAM G. HARRIS, as a candidate for Attorney General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Circuit Districts. jy29

For Attorney-General.

We are authorized to announce R. B. PIGGOTT, Jr., as a candidate for Attorney-General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Circuit Districts. jy29

For Attorney-General.

SMITH P. SANKEDRD is a candidate for the office of Attorney-General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Circuit Districts. jy29-tu

For Attorney General.

We are authorized to announce H. D. COLLINS as a candidate for Attorney-General for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Circuit Districts. jy26-tu*

For Attorney-General.

We are authorized to announce W. A. SEAT as a candidate for Attorney-General, for the Fifth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Civil Districts. jy18-tu*

For Attorney-General.

J. T. BARNETT is a candidate for Attorney-General for the Fifth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Circuit Districts in Shelby county, Tennessee, at the ensuing election. jy11-tu*

For County Trustee.

We are authorized to announce THOS. E. HILLS as a candidate for County Trustee of Shelby county, at the ensuing March election. jy29-tu*

For County Trustee.

We are authorized to announce R. WOODWARD as a candidate for County Trustee of Shelby County at the ensuing March election. jy26-tu*

For County Trustee.

H. C. BURTON is a candidate for Trustee, in a candidate for County Trustee of Shelby county, Tennessee. jy26-tu*

For County Trustee.

We are authorized to announce WM. N. MORGAN, of Germantown, as a candidate for County Trustee of Shelby county. jy18-tu*

For County Trustee.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH T. MASON, as a candidate for the office of Tax Collector of Shelby county at the March election. jy12-tu*

For County Judge.

H. B. FOLE submits the suffrage of the voters of Shelby county, at the ensuing election on the 3rd of March, for the office of County Judge. jy11

For Judge of the Common Law and Chancery Court.

His excellency, the Governor of Tennessee, having issued his proclamation, ordering an election at the several precincts of Shelby county on the 26th of February next, for the election of Judge of the Common Law and Chancery Court of the city of Memphis, we are authorized to announce C. C. VIN JONES as a candidate for said office at said election. jy11-tu*

Judge of the Common Law and Chancery Courts.

We are authorized to announce HON. GEO. GIDEON, the present incumbent, as a candidate for Judge of the Common Law and Chancery Courts of the city of Memphis, Election to take place on the 26th of February next. jy11-tu

For County Judge.

JOHN W. A. PETIT is a candidate for the office of County Judge of Shelby county at the ensuing election. jy22-tu*

For Clerk of County Court.

We are authorized to announce JOHN T. TRUEHART, Clerk of the County Court of Shelby county, as a candidate for re-election. jy11-tu*

For Sheriff.

ROBT. L. SMITH is a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Shelby County at the ensuing March election. my11*

HOLD UP LEVEL AND LET IS RUN.

For Constable.

We are authorized to announce S. FRED HALMAN as a candidate for Constable in the Fifth Civil District at the ensuing March election. jy10-tu*

For Constable.

We are authorized to announce PEYTON BIRD as a candidate for Constable in the Fifth Civil District, at the ensuing election. jy11-tu*

For Constable.

JOHN D. COX is a candidate for Constable in the Fifth Civil District at the ensuing March election. jy6-tu*

For Constable.

FRANK W. BONNS is a candidate for Constable in the Fifth Civil District of Shelby county, at the ensuing election in March next. jy12-tu*

Hopkins & Kirby.

For Sale.

A fine improved plantation fronting on the Mississippi river, in the Tennessee side, 20 miles above Memphis, containing 1,000 acres, 400 acres in the high state of cultivation; 40 acres in cotton, 10 acres in corn, 10 acres in oats, 10 acres in meadow, 10 acres in orchard, the balance in good pasture. The plantation is well watered, with two good springs, and is in a healthy locality. Also, a fine steam plantation of 1,000 acres, 400 in cotton, 15 acres in corn, and 50 acres in oats. Also, a fine steam plantation of 1,000 acres, 300 in cotton, 20